

# Messed Up Kids

Jake Bugg

Johnny deals a bit of blow on the side  
Thinks that he's invincible, hates a fight  
Jenny walks the streets alone, she was fine  
But she got kicked out of her home in hard times  
The messed up kids are on the corner with no money  
They sell their time, they sell their drugs, they sell their body  
And everywhere I see a sea of empty pockets  
Beautiful girls with eyes so dark within their sockets  
So far away  
It's a washed out Saturday  
The sky all pastel shades  
Under breeze block palisades  
Lights are smashed the streets are closed in the town  
Places no one really goes to hang around  
Gave up on us long ago with no hope  
All you hear is the cold wind blow and get stoned  
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